

# Photos, Flowers, Us

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Their thoughts lead them to each other, in the end.

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# Photos, Flowers, Us

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# Chapter 1

Honey Lemon likes taking photos.

She takes pictures a lot for a reason - to admire them. She's not *that* good a photographer, but decent enough that she can get some pretty nice selfies and candid photos. *And* on quick notice. It's a habit to snap pictures when she sees something she likes, whether it's appropriate or not.

One of her favorite pastimes is scrolling through her gallery and looking at each and every one of the pictures she's taken. She files the particularly good ones in an album titled <3 and looks through them when she feels nostalgic. She doesn't delete even the ones she's embarrassed of, like that one close-up on her face when Fred had kicked her phone off the table somehow while it was on the camera app. She looks utterly ridiculous in that one, mouth flying open, eyes the size of saucers, and if one looks carefully, they'd see some nostril hair. It looks like something out of a photographer's nightmare.

(But she keeps that, because when she looks at it, she remembers how the school mascot had bought her about five new phones the next day, thinking he had broken her own phone, and the memory makes her smile stupidly.)

What she *loves* are her photos of Gogo. It's no secret she's head-over-heels in... like? Love? She'll call it like, because she is in absolute *like* with the biker, she knows that much. As such, her gallery, most notably her <3 folder, is filled to the brim with pictures of Gogo, both candid and with consent. Either way, they're all beautiful, and nearly every single photo of Gogo can be found in Honey Lemon's favorites album. She says "nearly" because there's one picture in particular of Gogo in her oil and grease-stained work clothes and holding up a wrench Hiro had improved for her. The reason it isn't in her favorites album just yet is because it had been

taken, oh, two or so days ago, and, *click*, there it is. Every single Gogo photo is now in her favorites album.

And yet, it is *ridiculous* every time she has to interact with Gogo. Honey Lemon can just barely manage to keep pick-up lines from busting out of her mouth, because *damn it*, she is just *so cute* . She's horribly tempted to just sweep Gogo off her feet and carry her all the way to a bed and maybe start kissing her senseless, but then the possibility that Gogo might be (she shivers) straight stops her right in her tracks and makes her rethink her life choices.

God, she tells herself, swiping her finger across the screen of her phone, it would be so, so easy to ask Gogo for her sexuality, but what if the answer was "I'm straight"? "I have a dude crush" (ew )? "I have a boyfriend you all somehow don't know about even if we've been in close proximity with each other for months twenty-four-seven"? The possible answers makes Honey Lemon sick in her stomach and makes her want to plunge her head in a toilet and flush it. Yeah, she's got it *bad* .

She goes on Facebook and scrolls through her news feed for a little to pass time, saving a few reference photos and adding them to her *science!!!* album for future ideas for projects, when a message notification suddenly pops up. Honey Lemon contemplates ignoring it in favor for looking through her ingredients for her *other* school project, but sees the sender.

Gogo.

She touches the message immediately and reads the text. *u free rihgt now?*

*Aw, Gogo, I'm always free for you, even if your typos are utterly humiliating*, Honey Lemon thinks, right before Gogo sends a *RIGHT\*\*\*\** . Giggling, she keys in a *sure!! Where do you want?* before sliding off her couch and slipping out of her pajamas. *Great, now it feels like a date. What to wear, what to wear...*

Her phone buzzes. *my garage. got somethin 2 show u*

Maybe she should wear the new skirt she got the other day? The frills at the hem are small and cute and soft, kind of reminding Honey Lemon of Gogo herself. Small, cute, maybe not so soft, but definitely so inside. *i'll be there! <3*

Screw subtlety, she thinks to herself as she wiggles the skirt out of its hanger. I'll send her as many hearts as I want.

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"Gogo!"

The biker jolts into a straighter position, then turns around to face the enthusiastically-waving blonde. Gogo cracks a small smile. "Hey, Honey."

Honey Lemon walks over excitedly, skirt swaying as she peers around the biker's garage. "It's been a while since I've been here! Did you clean up a bit?"

Gogo swallows thickly, eyes following the blonde's enviously long legs. *Yeah, maybe.* "Clean? Whatever you wanna think." Shrugging as casually as she can manage, she stands up to head back further in the garage, steeling herself along the way. "Just hold on, it should be somewhere back here. Take a seat, or whatever." *Alright, Gogo, if this doesn't work out, just remember that you can always backtrack and say it's a friendly thing. Yeah, totally! If she says she's s-straight, just say it's a friend thing. Just. A. Friend. Thing.*

Gogo retrieves the very important items and carefully conceals them behind her back. If this goes go wrong, she will just about fall apart into pieces, but if this goes right, she'll all but melt into a puddle of lovestruck goo. Now she's *really* hoping this goes well.

She glances downwards, just the slightest bit, at Honey Lemon's legs, then up at her pleasantly smiling face. It's so *bright*, so utterly bright, that Gogo has to look away. She's like the sun, Gogo reckons,

too bright for me to look at directly else I burn to death. How encouraging.

"Ooh, what's this? A surprise, a surprise?" The blonde asks, bouncing around on her heels excitedly. (*Oh my God, she's so tall, why the hell is she six foot two, Jesus...* ) "What's that you've got behind your back, then, Gogo? It smells kinda nicer here now..."

Before Gogo can hesitate any longer, she shoves the bouquet of flowers towards the blonde, bowing her head to hide her scarlet face. "I-I *like* you, here's a bunch of flowers!"

There's no response at first, and the silence continues on unnervingly long enough for Gogo to nervously glance up at Honey Lemon. The blonde has a stricken expression on her face, jaw dropping, pink-framed glasses nearly sliding down the bridge of her nose. Gogo gulps, *yeah, she's straight*, and quickly opens her mouth to say the excuse she had so meticulously crafted with Wasabi's help. But before she can get so much as a syllable out, a pair of slender arms are wrapped around her and hugging her hard enough to crush her bones to dust.

"I like you *tooooo*, oh my *gosh*, Gogo!" Honey Lemon squeals, kissing the much shorter biker on each cheek once, then nuzzling her nose affectionately. "I didn't--I don't--I could *never* have guessed--*ahh*, you're so *cute*, I can get you cute outfits and we can go on lots of dates and--!"

"Air," Gogo chokes out, just loud enough for Honey Lemon to squeak in embarrassment and loosen her hold for the biker to breathe. After dramatically sucking in large gulps of breath, Gogo looks back up at the blonde, now unsure on what to do. "Uh. Then. I..."

Honey Lemon smiles a soft little smile, placing her hands on Gogo's shoulders (though it's a little awkward with the height difference). "Don't worry about it," the blonde whispers, pressing her lips against Gogo's forehead and leaving a faint pink mark. "I'm really grateful for

this! So. Since you got me flowers, this means you're asking me out on a date, right?"

"A... date," Gogo mumbles, staring straight up at Honey Lemon's face and trying not to focus too much on her so-kissable lips. "That'd be. Really nice."

The blonde giggles and wraps the biker up in a hug once more. "Can I update my relationship status on Facebook?"

"Just put 'in a relationship with some gay engineer'," Gogo responds. Her face is burning like she's been dropped in a volcano, but she supposes it isn't so bad.